

CHANDAMAMA

JANUARY 1982

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Turn to Page 33
for the story of
"PRITHVIRAJ AN
BHAVYATA"





It was Raju's little sister Meena's birthday. It was a grand occasion for Raju, Nandu, Vinay, Rekha, Ashok all were to come with beautiful presents.

Raju couldn't think of a gift. He wanted to present something very very very special.

He thought and thought and thought. Suddenly he hit upon an idea.

A mask, a beautiful colourful mask. Green stripes on the cap, pink on the cheeks, crimson lips.

With dashes of paint in no time he painted a mask on a piece of cardboard and cut it into shape.

What a colourful present: Meena was delighted.

Everyone talked about Raju and his wonderful present.

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Dear Friends,

It is my pleasant privilege to wish you a prosperous and peaceful 1962.

As is always usual with you for my earlier pictures, you gave me a big hand last year when I presented you 'Swayamrasi' and that encouragement reconfirmed my own belief that filmgoers always relish and enjoy wholesome family entertainment, with a message, and I venture once again to present you this year 'Shriman Shrimati'.

With a galaxy of stars, each role tailor-made for them, 'Shriman Shrimati' focus on the sacred institution of marriage and its divinity and establish that one's own doing can make it or mar it — The theme that entertained you the most in my earlier film 'Swaraaj Narak'.

I have not tried to preach, but have conveyed through my characters, the dilemma every rich youth faces, to opt for pseudo-modern life or for a true and traditional style. A sweet tussle between age-old tradition and misconceived modern values.

All my stars in *Shriman Shrimati* have lived upto the role to present to you a feast for your eyes, yet true to life.

I sincerely hope 'Shriman Shrimati' will heartily be welcomed by you and if it finds a place in your heart I will feel honoured.

Yours Sincerely,

$$N, R_{\text{max}}$$

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GOLDEN WORDS OF WISDOM

वाक्प्राधान्यं प्रकुपितो न विद्वानिति कश्चित् ।
मातामहं नित्यं वदन्तं मातामहं विदधते वनमिति ॥

*Vākpradhānyaṁ prakupito na vijānati kashcit
Mātāmahantī krudhahya nāvadāyaṁ vidāyate vanaṁ*

One who loses his temper loses his power of judgment too.
He is in no mood to understand what is right and what is wrong. He does not know what he is doing or speaking.

The Ramayana



Controlling Editor : NAGI REDDI

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

Let us resolve to laugh !

Now we have been told by health experts, what philosophers and psychologists have told us earlier, that it pays much to have a hearty laugh—purely in terms of health! (See Newflash in the previous issue of your magazine.)

The capacity to laugh is a special blessing Providence has bestowed on man. There are two kinds of laughter: Laughter at others' expense and simple laughter. Even if the first category of laughter gives our lungs the desired impetus, it leaves a feeling of guilt in our sub-conscious mind. As a result, we lose more than we gain. But there is nothing like simple laughter—caused by humour, satire (when not cruel or not directed with personal animosity) and a certain enlightened outlook. This includes the capacity to laugh at ourselves.

So, do resolve to laugh. Your magazine resolves to help you realise your resolution.



**Read More Fairy
Tales**

According to Russian neurologists, a child of today is the victim of information overload that upsets his brain and nervous system. "Read more fairy tales to your children!" they say. "The magic world of a fairy tale with its imagery, its concepts of beauty and nobility, its own moral values, in which the good always triumphs over the evil, helps the child to develop as a harmonious personality and protects his 'biological clock' from malfunctioning."



An Island is Made

A 45-year-long project has been completed. Japan has a new 2-sq-mile island off its coast. It was made by rubbles carried by a conveyor system, extending six miles from a mountain, to the site.

Japan is planning yet another island. By the next century the map may well have to be redrawn—a Japanese officer says.



How Many Share the Earth?

According to the latest calculation the earth at the present is inhabited by 1.4 million species of animals and 500,000 species of plants. But they represent only 1 per cent of all the species of plants and animals that have lived on the earth from its known beginning. The other ninety-nine per cent have become extinct.



Many Faces of the Singer

The famous singer Elvis Presley, who died in 1977, is living in 1,403 American faces, if not in their voices! All these people (they include a lady from Florida) have, through plastic surgery, made themselves look like the celebrated Rock Singer.

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY

—By Manoj Das

(Story so far: In the Golden Valley an earthquake reveals a beautiful image. The young Raju undertakes an adventurous journey to learn the secret of breathing life into it. The King of the Golden Valley, in his eagerness to marry the beauty, seeks the help of a man who calls himself a wizard. The man throws the king into a cave and puts on the King's disguise. Raju, in the meanwhile, is approaching his destination.)

12. THROUGH THE BLAZING WALL OF FLAMES

Raju saw a mountain pass before him. Clouds coiled round the hills like shawls round the venerable members of a committee of shivering old men.

Raju hopped down from the rock to which the princess had led him and took a few steps along the pass. Then he stopped and turned to have a last glimpse of the princess. But a deep fog had descended on the rock. He could see nothing.

The fog had begun to grow thick. The narrow pass could not be seen but for a yard or two.

Since there was only one long way before him, Raju did not find it difficult to go forward, but walking was not easy. Gusts of bitter cold wind beat down upon him. He stumbled over sharp stones hidden under

small streams flooding the pass.

A dazzling flash of lightning blinded him. It was followed by a deafening thunder that seemed to crush the dark peaks. Rain-drops of the size of grapes hurtled down after their initial fall on the high hills.

Raju stopped, but he saw that jets of water had suddenly begun to gush out through numerous chinks in the rocks around him. In a minute he was knee-deep in water. At that rate he knew that he will be neck-deep in it before long.

There was lightning again. Raju hurriedly climbed what appeared to be a rock.

Next moment it sprang up and, before Raju had any chance to get off it, it began to run with a loud roar. Raju understood that what he had mistaken

to be a rock was some sort of a beast.

Normally the experience should have terrified him. But he had decided not to fear. He mustered all his strength and courage and stuck on to the decision.

There were frequent flashes of lightning. Raju tried to see the beast. It was golden and huge and very strong. It ran at a great speed. Raju clung on to it for he was not sure where he would fall if he were to jump off it.

From darkness the beast soon brought him under the focus of a faint but weird light. Raju thought of surveying his beast

now, but before he had done so his attention went to a fire that burnt like a blazing wall before him.

"Stop, please stop, will you?" he told his beast which he guessed to be a lion—the biggest he could have ever imagined. But the beast was running incredibly fast, making a bee-line towards the wall of fire.

"Stop!" Raju said again, but in vain. The beast ran as if lured by the fire. It shot into it like a meteor. Raju closed his eyes as he entered the flames. Surprisingly, before he had any sensation of the fire, he had the queer feeling of passing through the air like a hurled stone.





Next moment he found himself beating his arms against a vast sheet of water.

The lion had crossed the wall of fire and had flung him into a lake, he understood. The lake reflected the dancing flames and the waves aroused by the strong wind looked like molten gold.

Raju spotted a huge tree jutting out over the water. He swam towards it and climbed it. He was shivering with cold. There was a hollow in the tree. "It should be warm and comfortable," he thought, and tried to adjust himself in it.

He tumbled into the hollow and down he went. He did not

know how long the process of falling took. But when he landed on a base and looked around, he was amazed. Where was the lake or the tree? He was in a totally new place, marked by a beautifully laid out garden abounding in flowers. There was a temple at its midst.

How was this possible? How could one find way to an unknown country through a tree?

"Why, what is puzzling in that?" a stranger surprised him with the question.

The stranger looked serene and kind. Since he was the solitary person there, Raju understood that he must have been the priest of the shrine.

"I see, you already know the question that was in my mind. Well, I was wondering how the meagre space the hollow of a tree had could contain such a large area!" said Raju, bowing to the priest.

"So far as space is concerned, can there be a small space and a big one? How do you measure space?" asked the priest.

"Well, we can measure by a stick, can't we? One metre, two metres..."

"Thereby you are measuring the stick, not the space. Space has no form. It cannot be



measured. Space is only one."

With the experience Raju had, the priest's statement did not sound a riddle. He felt convinced about it.

"But I don't understand how you knew my thought!"

"There is nothing as *your* thought. Thoughts are universal. Here, in this dimension of space hidden from your knowledge, one can see the thoughts passing through a man just as one can see the man himself. Why, can't you read my thoughts?" asked the priest.

Raju looked at the priest. Instantly he knew what was in the old man's mind.

"You are about to tell me that in this shrine dwells the deity I am looking for. Further, you wish to tell me that I can ask the deity for only three boons and

no more. Am I right?" asked Raju.

"Right. And I can see that you feel rather alarmed about it, for you had fondly cherished four desires. You would have liked four boons to be granted!" observed the priest.

"Indeed, it is so," agreed Raju.

"But that is not possible. Three is the limit!" informed the priest, and he added, "But don't you realise that everything has its justification? You were a little scared when you found yourself riding a lion. But could you have crossed the wall of fire otherwise? You had a feeling of despair when you dropped into the hollow of the tree. But would you be here otherwise?"

Raju nodded.

(To continue)





FESTIVALS OF INDIA

The Vasant Panchami

auspicious day falls on the 29th of January.

It is a serene festival dedicated to Saraswati, the Goddess of learning, literature, and the other arts.

The Vedas speak of Saraswati as the Goddess who purifies our hearts and gives us knowledge, the capacity to appreciate beauty and truth, and the inspiration

The Vasant Panchami or Sri Panchami is one of those festivals that are celebrated all over the country. The day marked for this celebration is the fifth day of *Magha* according to the Indian calendar. This year the



for creating art, poetry, and other things of aesthetic value.

The Goddess, say the scriptures, is luminous and extremely beautiful.

The seers of ancient India who composed the Vedic hymns lived on the banks of a river that came to be called as the Saraswati. Goddess Saraswati is looked upon as the presiding deity of that river too.

On the Sri Panchami day the deity is worshipped in innumerable homes and educational institutions. Students gather flowers before the dawn and store them for the priest who would

offer them to the deity. Generally the students fast till the Goddess has been offered the *Puja* and they have joined the priest in paying *Pushpanjali*, homage with handfuls of flowers.

In Bengal and many other places temporarily made clay images of the Goddess are immersed in rivers the next day.

In the northern parts of the country along with the *Puja* of Goddess Saraswati, the festival emphasises the slow advent of *Vasant*—the Spring. In Punjab the young wear yellow clothes on the day to mark the beginning of the season of Spring.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

Crown for a Commoner

In one of his incarnations the Bodhisattva lived as a hermit. One day, out for collecting alms, he came to the house of a mahout—a man who tamed, trained and drove elephants. He was in the service of the king of Varanasi.

The mahout took a great liking for the young hermit and looked after him well. The Bodhisattva lived with him and in his compassion wished the mahout well.

And this is how there was a windfall in the mahout's luck:

One night a wood-cutter lay on the verandah of a temple. Near him stood a tree in which

some fowls were perched.

A fowl that rested on a higher branch flapped its wings. Another fowl resting on a lower branch was sprinkled with dew.

"Do you take me to be an ordinary fowl that you dare to conduct yourself so carelessly near me? Do you know that one who would eat my flesh was sure to hit upon a hidden treasure?" asked the fowl of the lower branch.

The fowl on the higher branch laughed. "Do you know my value? One who eats my flesh would become a king!" he revealed.

The wood-cutter was over-



joyed to hear this. He sat alert and let some time pass. When he knew that the fowls had fallen asleep, he climbed the tree as slowly as a crawling snail. He had no need of a hidden treasure if he could become a king. So he left the fowl on the lower branch in peace and caught hold of the fowl on the higher branch and jumped down and ran home.

"O my dear wife, you are going to be a queen!" he exclaimed on reaching home.

"Don't speak nonsense. I'm a wood-cutter's wife and I have no regret for it!" said his wife.

"Your wood-cutter husband is going to ascend the throne. Now, cook this fowl for me!" said the wood-cutter and he told her about the virtues of the fowl's flesh.

The happy wife cooked the fowl. "Let's eat our food after a dip in the holy Ganga," said the wood-cutter. Accordingly they carried the cooked fowl and rice in a closed pot to the river-bank.

Leaving the pot on the river-bank they entered the water. Suddenly the river rose in spate. Before the couple could reach the bank a high wave swept the pot away.

"Alas, we are not destined to



become king and queen!" said the wood-cutter. They went home, heart-broken.

Miles away the mahout was giving a bath to his elephant when he saw the floating pot. To his amazement he found inside it freshly cooked rice and meat. He was hungry. He ate the food with great relish.

On the third day Varanasi was invaded by an enemy army. The king of Varanasi put on the disguise of a mahout and made his mahout wear the royal robe. He thought that he would be safe if dressed as a commoner.

The enemy perhaps were more interested in taking the king pri-

soner than killing him. To achieve this end they shot arrows at the king's mahout—little knowing that he was the king himself.

The disguised king died on the spot. The mahout, who was disguised as the king, realised it. But instead of retreating, he fought with a vengeance. The soldiers of Varanasi were inspired to see their king fighting with great valour. They too put in their best. The invaders were routed and their king was killed.

After the war was over the ministers and the nobility of Varanasi knew that he who led them to victory was not the king but the king's mahout.

Now that the king was no

more, the kingdom must have a new king. The king had died without leaving behind him any issue.

"The late king had chosen to put the royal robe and the crown on the mahout. He ought to be the king," said the priest.

"But for the mahout, Varanasi would have fallen to the enemy. Indeed the mahout ought to be the king," said the minister.

The general and the nobility agreed with the opinions of the priest and the minister.

The mahout was crowned the king.

The Bodhisattva remained his chief advisor.

From the Buddha Jatakas





*The Arabian
Nights*

The Lost Necklace

by the king. It was very costly and very beautiful. The king had promised her such a gift for a long time.

The queen was delighted to get it. The queen's happiness made the old woman happy too. She took the necklace to have a closer look at it.

"O holy woman, keep it with you till I return from my bath," said the queen. She then entered her bath and returned after an hour. She looked fresh and charming in her dazzling garments and was ready to put on the new necklace.

"You can now give me my necklace," said the queen.

The old woman looked crestfallen. "Your Highness," she said, "I do not know how the necklace disappeared. As it was time for prayer, I spread my prayer rag and stepped onto it and closed my eyes. I had placed the necklace beside me and

There was a holy woman who lived in a hut outside the town. She was old and was revered by all. Anyone who came in contact with her knew how loving and pure by nature she was.

While the others came to meet her, the old woman went to meet only one person—the queen. She held the queen dear to herself and the queen was always happy to see her.

The queen loved to be alone in her company and listen to her wise words.

One day while the queen sat with the old woman in the palace her maids brought her a new necklace. It had been sent

the rag. When my prayer was over and I opened my eyes, the necklace was gone."

The queen was surprised. She lifted the rag and shook it. She looked for the necklace in all the nooks and corners of the room, but it was not to be seen.

"Had any of my maids come in when I was in the bath?" she asked.

"Not to my knowledge," replied the old woman.

The queen shook her head, quite mystified. She called her chief maid and sent word to the king about the loss of the necklace in that strange way.

"Search the person of the old

woman. If it is not found, torture her. If she does not confess to the mischief, lock her up," was the king's instruction.

The woman who commanded so much respect till that moment was searched. She felt humiliated, but was helpless. When the search did not yield anything, she was dragged into a dungeon and tortured there. The queen did not know what to do—whether to let her suffer or intervene and let her go.

The old woman was then led into a cell and locked up.

A month passed. One day as the king was chitchatting with the queen a big magpie



flew out of its nest in the skylight on the high wall under the roof and something glittering fell from its nest. The queen picked it up. It was the lost necklace.

Instantly the riddle was solved. It was clear that while the holy woman sat praying the magpie had taken away the necklace.

The queen burst into tears thinking of the humiliation caused to the holy woman. The repentant king himself ran to the cell and opened the door and set the woman free. He knelt down before her and sought her mercy.

The old woman sighed and

smiled sadly, but said nothing.

The king then ordered for precious gifts to be brought for her. Only then she spoke. "O king, you know that I have no interest in wealth. It is true that you caused me suffering in your ignorance. But that was because in my ignorance I had an attachment for the queen. As one dedicated to God, I should have had no special fancy for anybody because of her or his status. I have learnt my lesson," she said and she went away without even casting a look at the gifts.

For the remaining years of her life she lived in a forest, praying for herself and praying for all.



DOUBLE GAIN

At Shripur two merchants lived as neighbours. Sushila and Janaki were their wives. The two were great friends.

A third merchant came to live beside their houses. His wife, Gita, soon struck a friendship with the two ladies.

Gita saw that both Sushila and Janaki lived happily. They had enough money.

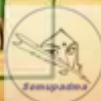
Shortly Gita found out the secret of their wealth. Sushila knew a hymn by which she could please the Deity of Misery. She had obtained a boon from the deity. The deity had promised never to visit her house.

Janaki knew how to invoke the Deity of Wealth. The deity had promised never to leave her house.

Gita learnt both the hymns from her two friends. She planned to appease both the deities simultaneously, for double gain. She recited one hymn after another, closing her eyes. When she opened her eyes, she saw both the deities present before her.

The two deities looked almost alike. Gita mistook the Deity of Misery to be the Deity of Wealth and vice versa. She said to the first, "Please do not leave my house!" To the second she said, "Please keep off my house!"

The two deities consented and disappeared. In a week Gita lost everything.



A Potful of Gold

In a certain town in China, there once lived a landlord who had founded a school and had appointed a manager to look into its affairs. The manager was very strict with the students. When anyone misbehaved or played truant, he punished him severely.

One day a teacher complained to the manager that a particular student was growing quite unmanageable. The manager sent for the offender.

But the boy was not to be

found immediately. That annoyed the manager even more. After the sun set, the student reached the house of the manager. Finding him very angry, the student knelt down before him and said, "Sir! Please pardon me for my coming so late. I wanted to come much sooner. But to tell you the truth, I just found a thousand pieces of gold in a pot. And really, sir, I had a hard time in deciding how to dispose it of."

The manager's angry face



changed into a curious one. He asked the student eagerly, "My friend! Where did you find it?"

"Buried under the floor of our old house, sir," the student replied.

"What are you going to do with the wealth?" the manager asked, wiping his red face.

"Sir, I am very poor. You know it pretty well. I discussed the matter with my mother and we agreed to put aside 500 pieces to buy land, 200 for a house, 50 to buy furniture and another fifty to hire servants to help my aged mother. With one-fourth of the last 200 pieces I propose to buy books to

widen my knowledge. The other 150 pieces we once for all decided to make a small present to you for the pains you take in looking after the school so ably, making gentlemen of asses like me!"

The manager beamed like a cine-star posing for a tooth-paste advertisement. In his joy he said, "Is that so? But I don't think I have done enough to deserve such a big reward!"

"That, sir, is for us to decide!" said the boy with a chuckle.

The manager ordered his cook to prepare a sumptuous supper. The student had a very nice time. While eating, they



talked, joked, laughed and praised each other. As the merry-making went on, the manager, at a thought that struck him suddenly, asked, "I think you came in a hurry to meet me. Did you remember to lock the pot of gold safely?"

The student stood up with a start. "Sir! I had just finished planning how to make use of the money when my father shook me by my shoulder to wake me up. I opened my eyes and the pot of gold, to my great disappointment, vanished."

The manager stood speechless for a while. "So, all this you've been talking about was

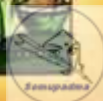
only a dream?"

"What else, sir," answered the student coolly.

The manager had been very hospitable to the student and he thought it would be foolish to lose his temper and shout at him. He contented himself with saying, "I am pleased to note that you remember me even in your dream. And I am sure, you'll never forget me when you really get the gold. It is such a great luck to manage boys like you!"

The boy bared his teeth and left with a hurriedly offered salute.

Retold by P. Raja



The Time For Giving

A man had accumulated much wealth. He did not give a pie to anybody, but he told everybody that at his death all his property will be spent in charity.

In spite of his declaration nobody quite praised him. He was surprised why!

One day he was passing through a field. It was raining. He took shelter under a tree. A cow and a pig also had taken shelter under it. Suddenly the man began to understand their conversation:

The pig: You give milk. But don't I give much more? I give bacon, ham, and bristles. Yet they never speak kindly of me, while they speak always good of you! Why?

The cow: Well, I think it is because I give while I am still alive.

The man now understood why nobody spoke kindly of him despite his pious declaration !





THE KING OF ICE AND SNOW

There was once an honest, hard-working country man. His wife died and he was alone in his cottage with his little daughter, Marella, a lovely child with big, sparkling eyes.

The girl looked after the house as best as she could, washing the dishes, sweeping the floors, making the beds and doing the cooking, but there were still many things she could not do. She could not cut wood for making fire. It was hard work, for she was only small.

Her father, watching her struggle sometimes, decided that he must look for another wife who would care for them and married a widow who had two daughters.

When the wife saw how pretty Marella was, she grew very jealous. Her own two daughters

were both plain and spiteful, not at all like the sweet, good-natured Marella.

The woman grew more and more unkind to her pretty step-daughter and made her work harder and harder.

She had to get up at dawn to cook breakfast, fetch sticks from the woods for fire, feed the animals and scrub and clean the house.

Her stepmother's two daughters hardly did any thing. They slept late and then idled all day, scolding Marella if she did not do all they asked, immediately.

Marella's father, who was quiet and timid, did not know what to do. If he protested it would only make his wife more angry and then things would be even worse for his daughter. So he would simply



sigh, look at the sky and hope things would get better.

Whenever Marella went into the woods, she would weep and pour out her troubles to the birds and the animals, who were her friends. Even the pines and the firs listened and they rustled their branches in sympathy.

Some time passed and Marella's stepmother thought, "Time is passing quickly. My daughters should soon be married, but they are plain. My silly stepdaughter, with that pretty face of hers, will be of no help at all, for all the young men will look at her."

Finally, the wicked woman

decided that she would have to get rid of her beautiful stepdaughter, once and for all.

Winter came and the weather grew colder and colder. By January, it was so cold that just to put one's nose outside the door almost made it drop off.

One day, the stepmother said to her husband, "It is time our daughters were married. A messenger came to me the other day from King White. He has seen Marella and, because she is so beautiful, he wishes to marry her. King White rules over the ice kingdom. He commands the ice, the snow and the hail. He is very rich and he has a castle, deep in the heart of the forest."

Marella's father, who was kind and simple, believed all his wife told him and listened eagerly to all she had to say.

"Tomorrow morning," she went on, "take Marella into the woods and leave her there. King White will then come to claim his bride. He wishes to be seen by no one but his bride."

When she was told, Marella was overjoyed at her good fortune. She took from her little wooden trunk the prettiest dress she had and a fur cap ready to

put on in the morning. Then she went to bed dreaming of the White King.

Next morning, Marella and her father got into the sleigh and drove off to the woods. There, Marella's father kissed her and then he left her and drove back to the cottage.

It was so cold that Marella's breath froze. Tears came to her eyes as she thought of her father returning to the warm cottage. They froze on her cheeks and looked like shining diamonds.

The ice hung like lace on branches of trees and all the tiny pools in the woods had turned into crystal. Even the birds had flown away, for there was nothing for them to eat and no water to drink among the frozen lakes and pools.

Marella began to feel she, too, was being turned into ice. She was beginning to feel afraid when suddenly she heard a gentle voice behind her. "What are you doing here, in the cold?" asked the voice.

Marella was feeling too cold to turn round but she answered, "I am waiting here for the White King. He loves me and will come to claim me as his bride."

"I am the White King.



Yesterday, one of the ermines of the forest visited me," said the voice.

"They gave me their fur for my robes and told me all about you, for they are all your friends. Your stepmother only wanted to trick you. She sent you here to die, not to be married. You are kind and beautiful. I shall take you to my palace and make you my wife, the Queen of Ice and Snow.

"Close your eyes now. My brothers, the Princes of the Eternal Snows, are coming in a silver coach and they will carry you to my silver castle."

Marella did as she was told.



and no sooner had she closed her eyes than she fell asleep.

She did not hear the silver coach draw up beside her, nor did she feel herself lifted into it.

The princes were delighted when they saw her beauty. "She will make a wonderful wife for our brother, the king," they said to each other. "As for the wicked stepmother, little does she know the happiness she has brought to the stepdaughter, and, even without Marella, it is unlikely that any man will ever look at her own ugly, bad-tempered daughters."

Marella knew nothing about the journey to the palace. Much later, when she opened her eyes and gazed around, she found she was in a room the like of which she had never seen before. It was a huge white room with furniture made of

white ivory and decorated with pearls.

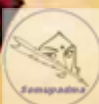
The bed in which she lay was covered with a quilt made from the white fur of the ermines.

Then she heard a voice from the foot of her bed. "Dear Marella," said the voice. "You are to be my wife. All that you see is yours."

There, magnificent in a rich gown trimmed with white ermine, was the White King, the ruler of the kingdom of ice and snow.

"Never again will you be made to work," he said. "My servants and all the animals of the forest, who do my bidding, will obey your slightest wish."

Marella was married at once to the White King and she became the Queen of Ice and Snow.



**CHANDAMAMA
DICTIONARY OF
SELECT WORDS AND
PHRASES**

THANKS,
FRIENDS, FOR GIVING
ME THIS LEMONADE -
SORRY- ACCOLADE, FOR
MY BAGGING A TURTLE
WITH BARE HANDS!

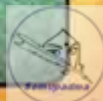
ACCOLADE: (N) This might have once meant an embrace, a kiss or a tap on each shoulder in the way of congratulating someone, but all it means today is a big award or praise in public.

ACID: (Adj and N) Something with a sour taste, or a substance containing silica. But in slang it means LSD. An acid-head is one who takes such drugs.

OUR LOVELY
BEACH IS NOW
INFESTED WITH
ACID-HEADS

*MRS. MITTY
CALLED ME LOV HOW
FLATTERED I FELT!
BUT SHE MEANT LITTLE
OBSTINATE VAGABOND!

ACRONYM (N): A word formed with the first letters of several words. "Radar" for example, stands for Radio detecting and ranging.





AFTERS (N) Sweet course at a meal. A slang

AGNOMEN (N) A name added to the family name because of some great deed by one. Scipio, the Roman general (237-183 B.C.), earned for himself and his descendants the title "Africanus" because of his memorable African expedition.



AIKONA This only means No





STORY OF INDIA-81

PRITHVIRAJ AND SAMYUKTA (II)

The old nurse, on reaching Kanauj, at first made friendship with the maids of Princess Samyukta. They presented her to the princess. The nurse's wit and accomplishments soon won Samyukta's heart.

The old lady, while dressing the princess or fanning her, went on telling her about the adventures of Prithviraj. By and by Samyukta came to see her heart on Prithviraj, the vallant king of Delhi.



The old lady had brought a portrait of Prithviraj. Samyukta kept on gazing at it. The memory of her meeting Prithviraj at Ajmer proved stirring. She decided to marry none but Prithviraj.



Riders went out carrying invitations to all the eligible princes to assemble for the Swayamvara of the princess. There was great excitement among the people of Kansuj.

The guests responded with warmth. The maids of Princess Samyukta enquired of the ministers and learnt that Prithviraj had not been invited for the Swayamvara. Samyukta soon came to know of it.



Samyukta's maids politely told King Jaychandra that she would like Prithviraj to be invited. "Very well," said a sneering Jaychandra, "I'll see to it that he is also present—in some way!" Samyukta understood her father's mind and was extremely sad.

As she was led into the hall where the princes had assembled, her eyes fell on a statue at the gate. It was the statue of Prithviraj, made to look like a dwarf. The princess stood for a moment—a grim determination forming within her.



Inside the hall Samyukta's chief maid introduced her to the various princes—all smiling and greeting her. The princess never smiled back. She completed the circle without offering her garland to anybody.

All were surprised when Samyukta came out of the hall. Nobody could have guessed what was in her mind. She bowed to the statue of Prithviraj and then threw her garland round its neck.





Something still more unexpected happened the next moment. Out of the crowd someone galloped towards Samyukta. He dismounted and whispered to her. A smile bloomed in Samyukta's face. She nodded.

Next moment Princess Samyukta hopped onto the horse. So did the stranger - who was none other than Prithviraj in disguise. Before anybody could imagine what was in the offing, Prithviraj and Samyukta were gone.



"Capture them!" shouted out Jaychandra. At once a number of soldiers jumped onto their horses and pursued the fleeing couple. There was unprecedented commotion. The princes looked dumbfounded.

(To be concluded in the next issue)



SAMSON THE HERO (1)

In the early days of Israel a tribe called the Philistines who lived along the seacoast harassed the others, burning their houses and stealing their cattle.



Those who suffered most were a small tribe called the Dan. Among them was born Samson who in his youth killed a lion with bare hands.



Once, swinging the jaw-bone of a donkey he defeated a mob of one thousand Philistines.



One night, as Samson slept in Gaza, the Philistines shut the city gate. At midnight he uprooted the gate and took it to hurt down from a hill-top.





Despite his enmity with the Philistines, Samson married a beautiful girl, Dalilah, from that very tribe.



The Philistines persuaded Dalilah to find out the secret of Samson's fabulous strength.



Dalilah, by and by, made Samson give out the secret — that his strength was due to his hair.

And one night, while Samson was asleep, Dalilah cut off his hair.

(To conclude in the next issue)



The Miller's Apprentice

Once upon a time there was an old miller who had no children to help him in his work. So instead, he employed three young men as apprentices. One day, the miller, who was growing too old to work any more, said to the three young men, "Go out into the world and whichever one of you brings me back the finest

horse shall have the mill as his own."

The name of the youngest apprentice was Hans and the other two disliked him. So when the miller had gone they said to him, "You might as well stay here in the village, Hans. What chance have you of finding a horse?"





the other cats which waited on her and played music to her in the evening.

The next day Hans was hard at work, chopping wood for the castle fires with a silver axe and a silver saw which the cat had given him. Hans remained at the castle for a long time and one day asked the cat if it was time for his reward.

"No," she replied. "There is one more thing you must do for me."

The cat gave Hans a box of silver tools and told him to build a silver house. By the time Hans had finished his task the seven years were over and it was time for him to leave.

The cat showed Hans to her stables and there he saw twelve of the finest horses in the land, with beautiful silken coats and strong, slim legs.

"Go home now Hans and after three days one of these horses will follow you. He will be yours," said the cat.

When Hans arrived home he found that the other two apprentices had arrived there before him.

"What did we tell you?" they said. "We knew you would return without a horse." When Hans tried to explain where he

That night, when Hans was fast asleep, the other apprentices tiptoed out of the room and away into the night. When he awoke in the morning, Hans was alone except for a tortoise-shell cat.

"Where are you going, Hans?" said the cat.

"Why do you want to know? Can you help me?" asked Hans.

"Yes, I know the task that the miller has set you," said the cat. "If you will be my faithful servant for seven years I will give you the finest horse that you have ever seen."

The cat took Hans to her enchanted castle and there he met



had been for the past seven years and that the finest horse in the land would be his in three days' time, the other two boys laughed at him.

On the morning of the third day a magnificent carriage, drawn by fine horses, drew up at the door of the mill. Out of the carriage stepped a beautiful princess. She asked the miller if she might see Hans. When he came, she gave him one of the horses which had been pulling the carriage. "This is your reward for being such a faithful servant," she said.

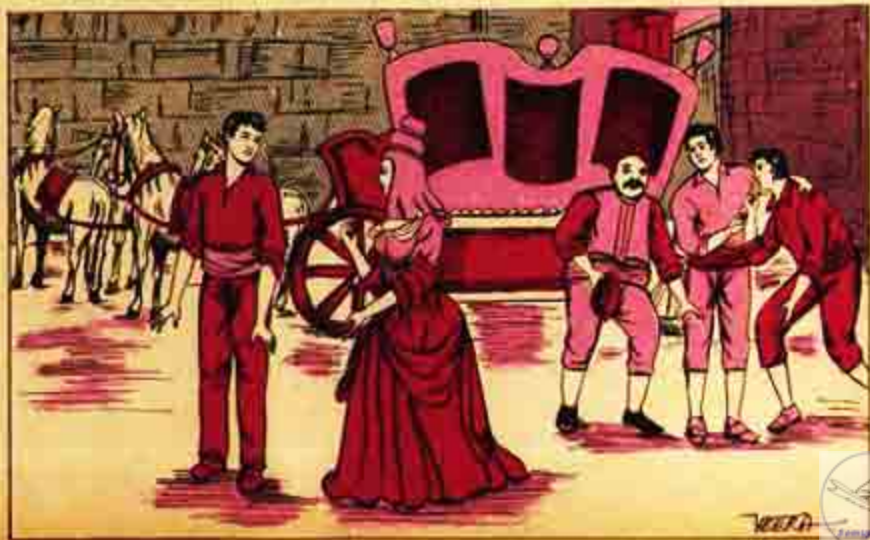
"The mill is yours as well," said the miller, for the horse was the finest he had ever seen.

All Hans could say was, "But I worked for a tortoise-shell cat for seven years, not a beautiful princess like yourself."

"It is true," replied the princess. "I was once a cat, but the wicked spell has been lifted from me and now I am a princess, just like I used to be."

"Come with me Hans, the miller can keep his mill, for the silver house that you built me has changed into a wonderful palace."

Hans said farewell to the miller and the apprentices and rode off with the princess to her palace. There, they were married and lived happily ever after.





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THREE CHARACTERS

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Eerie laughter of ghosts subdued the moaning of jackals. Flashes of lightning revealed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree again and brought the corpse down. With the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, he began crossing the desolate cremation ground.

"O King, it seems that you are firm in a decision you've taken. But know that there are people who often change their mind and actions. I wonder if we can call them foolish. Let me cite an instance. Pay your attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief," said the Vampire.

The Vampire went on: Vikramपुरi and Anandपुरi were neighbouring kingdoms. But their rulers were enemies of each other for three generations. Their enmity resulted in frequent clashes. The common people were the worst sufferers. Because both the kingdoms were

equally strong, no kingdom could win a decisive victory over the other.

Two young princes ascended the thrones of the two kingdoms. The young king of Vikramपुरi was Vikramverma and that of Anandपुरi was Anandsen.

Vikramverma devoted himself to the welfare of his subjects. But Anandsen, as soon as he became the king, decided to lead a martial expedition against Vikramपुरi. His minister, Bhadrupal, supported him.

But said his general, Ranavir: "My lord, what is new in war against Vikramपुरi? Should you not rather pay attention to the problems of your people who are poor?"

The question made the king uneasy and annoyed. "Well, my General, once Vikramपुरi is annexed, I'll have no headache. Then I'll devote all my energy to secure prosperity for my people," he replied.

"My lord, Vikramपुरi might not be stronger than us, but it is not weaker. Even if we inflict a defeat on it, to annex it is not going to be easy. The people of Vikramपुरi will continue to revolt and harass us. We have to apply force to suppress them.



This process will go on," said General Ranavir as humbly as he could.

But the king was in no mood to listen to his sane counsel. He told him curtly to prepare for the expedition.

King Vikramverma had his trusted spies planted in Anandपुरi. He got the intelligence about Anandपुरi's war preparations. He was sad, but he decided to take an offensive move. That would catch the war-mongers napping, he thought. He mustered whatever strength he could within twenty four hours and suddenly advanced upon Anandपुरi.





Neither the people nor the army of Anandpuri were prepared for such a development. They got panicky. King Anand-sen, of course, got ready immediately for offering resistance, but there was chaos throughout his capital. Within an hour of his going out to fight he got killed.

General Ranavir commanded his soldiers to beat a retreat into the fort. He closed the gates of the fort and continued to defend it courageously.

Minister Bhadrpal met him and said, "You did not want war. I am of the same opinion now. Why prolong the

battle unnecessarily now that the king is dead? Let's surrender to the enemy."

"That cannot be!" said the general in a stern voice. He continued defending the fort successfully and the army of Vikrampuri made vain attempts to break into it.

But one night the enemy entered the fort through a secret passage. Nobody except king Vikramverma knew that it was Minister Bhadrpal who had opened the passage for him.

General Ranavir was captured.

"General! You shall be executed. However, if you publicly accept me as your king, you will be spared," said king Vikramverma.

"You may execute me," said Ranavir.

"Do you have any last wish?" asked the king.

"My appeal to you is, be kind in your attitude towards the people. The subjects of both the kingdoms have suffered much on account of the continuous conflict between the two dynasties. Find joy in serving the people, not in reducing them to misery," said Ranavir.

The king nodded. He not execute the general.



Ranavir and Bhadrapal were allowed to live as ordinary citizens.

King Anandsen had died without leaving an heir. His kinsmen were well provided for under King Vikramverma's arrangements. King Vikramverma ruled both the kingdoms with equality and justice. The noblemen of Anandsen's court were not humiliated in any way. Peace prevailed in the region. Prosperity came to the people.

Bhadrapal, the ex-minister, who looked forward to getting a high position, was disappointed. The king took no interest in him.

Three years passed. One day Ranavir met the king and said: "Can I be of any service to my people?"

King Vikramverma sprang up to embrace him. "From this very moment I appoint you my Chief Adviser. Besides, as my Viceroy, you are to govern Anandpuri", he said.

Ex-Minister Bhadrapal was surprised at the news. He met the king the next day and said, "My lord, you may be pleased to utilise my services!"

"Don't you have any landed property?" asked King Vikramverma.



"I have enough, my lord," replied the ex-minister.

"Why then are you anxious to do some other work? Raise good crops and live happily as a free citizen!" advised the king.

Bhadrapal's face fell. He went away.

The vampire, after a brief pause, asked King Vikram in a challenging tone: "O King, can you remove my doubts about the three characters? General Ranavir was not in favour of war. Why then did he not surrender immediately after his king's death? Minister Bhadrapal was in favour of war. Why then did he advise the general to



surrender? Why did the king not reward Bhadrapal who opened the secret passage for him? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram: "Ranavir was against war with the interest of the kingdoms in his heart. But he was right in continuing to fight after the king's death. Had he surrendered immediately, he would have been obliged to accept humiliating terms from the enemy. Had Bhadrapal not betrayed, Ranavir would have drawn many

concessions from Vikramverma. The general was acting in his best conscience.

"Minister Bhadrapal was selfish. He supported the war-efforts only to please the king. After the king's death he was afraid that Ranavir might occupy the throne if the enemy retreated without capturing the fort.

"If not anybody else, King Vikramverma knew that Bhadrapal was treacherous. Why should he reward the fellow?

"The king realised that for Ranavir the only concern was the kingdom's welfare. That is the question the general raised even when threatened with death. When Ranavir realised that the new king was really a good and peace-loving man who did not discriminate against the people of Anandpuri, he decided to cooperate with him. Men like Ranavir do not like to waste their time and energy. They want to do something good and useful. King Vikramverma appreciated his mind. Hence he gave him such a high position."

No sooner had king Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



True Adventures

A DANGEROUS MISSION AT MIDNIGHT

A hundred years ago America was a far cry from what it is today. There were no large cities, or modern means of communication. The average man had to struggle hard to survive.

In many of the interior states frequent clashes took place between the white settlers and the Red Indians. If the white settlers were at fault in depriving the original inhabitants of their lands and disturbing their way of life, the Red Indians took revenge with matching violence.

A poor American named Mr. Goodman wandered from place to place in search of a suitable site where to build his house.

He had with him his wife and three children—two girls and a boy.

At last he came to a place in Washington territory and settled down there. The lands there on the river were fertile, but there was no human settlement around. Wild bushes grew in abundance. It required much courage to live in that desolate place and eke out a living.

But Mr. Goodman had the stamina to struggle. What is to be noted, his little son, the young Goodman, then aged nine, proved his greatest support. Father and son worked hard and soon the land yielded them



much more than they had hoped to get from it.

Father and son were fine hunters. They also caught plenty of fish in the river.

In a few years other families of whitemen came to live there. The Goodmans welcomed them. Now they had company and society.

A happy time had begun to dawn for them when a sudden danger lurked on the horizon. The Red Indians who lived around felt that the whitemen had come to oust them from the area. One day they attacked a small fishing boat and killed its riders.

Another time they chased two young settlers who had gone out into the forest for hunting. One of them was shot at by a deadly arrow and died. The other one fought back. After a pitched battle he managed to escape—bleeding and almost dying for breath.

One day the residents of the small settlement were warned by a few friendly Red Indians that their village will soon be raided. The same day the settlers left for another village a few miles down the river. Only Mr. Goodman and his young son stayed on to see if the report was true. The place was dear to them. They would not like to leave it easily.

Late in the evening it proved true. Hundreds of hostile Red Indians swarmed towards their village. Father and son fled, narrowly escaping their flying arrows.

They joined their family and the others in the next village. But they were sure that the Red Indians will follow them there. Though tired, they did not go to sleep. They alerted all the others and they decided to raise a wall around their small village.

There was no time to lose. They worked throughout the night—and continued working

even after the day broke. Men, women, and children—all worked. By noon they had completed raising a fortification made of rocks and clay.

They had hardly relaxed for a few hours when some boats were sighted at the turn of the river. The settlers sat up alert. By the sunset the boats touched the shore. Hundreds of Red Indians jumped onto the bank and advanced upon the fortification. They were armed with bows, guns, swords, and daggers.

The settlers defended the wall and fought back the attackers. Night descended. Arrows and gun-shots were swiftly exchanged in the dark. The Red Indians fought till they got exhausted. Then they retired to the river-bank.

From their talks the settlers understood that they will strike again in the morning. An attack will be easy then as they can locate the weak spots in the fortification—they thought.

The settlers had no other way than to wait with a grim determination to defend their fortification as long as they can. But the young Goodman knew that it will be impossible to hold on before the enemy for long. De-



feat was almost certain. And defeat meant their death.

At midnight he crawled out of the fortified village. Hiding behind the bushes, he advanced towards the Red Indian camp. They were dancing around fires. Their weapons were all stored in the boats.

The boy took off his shirt. He then entered the water. Taking care not to make the slightest noise, he approached a boat and cut the rope with which it was tied to the shore. It was awfully cold. But patiently he went on doing the same with all the boats—numbering about forty.



The Red Indians were still dancing or eating. Most of them had grown tired. They fell asleep.

Soon came the tide in the river. The boats began to drift into the midstream.

Suddenly, as the boy was cutting the rope of the last boat, a piercing cry was heard. A Red Indian who had noted the unexpected motion of the boats had come closer to the bank. He had spotted the boy.

The man's cry roused the others. They came running to the river-bank. The boy gave a push to the last boat and hopped into it. Soon his boat was a furlong away from the shore.

The Red Indians swore and raised their bows and shot at him. They fired from their guns too. The arrows and the bul-

lets missed the boy narrowly. He too had a gun with him. He shot back.

The tide rose high. Scattered on the river, the boats went soon out of sight, one by one.

The boy sat down and rowed his boat towards his fortified village. He reached there in an hour. When his kinsmen knew what he had done, they found no word too good to praise him.

The Red Indians had lost their weapons and foodstuff that were deposited in the boats. They retreated on foot, but among them there were people who shouted out 'Bravo!' for the boy.

The news of the young Goodman's courage and achievement spread far and wide. He became a celebrity.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Thus did the goddess vanquish the terrible demon, Mahishasur. The realm of the demons came under the control of the gods. They made Shatrughna, a prince of the Solar dynasty, ascend the throne before departing to heaven. Shatrughna proved an ideal ruler.

For some years there was peace in all the three spheres. But soon two demon brothers, Shumbha and Nishumbha, began performing a most arduous penance. They even left taking food or drinking water till Brahma, quite impressed, appeared before them.

"O God, please make us im-

mortal!" the demon brothers appealed to the great God.

"That's not possible. Ask me for some other boon," said Brahma.

"In that case bless us so that no man or god can kill us," the demons said, revising their stand.

"Let it be so," said Brahma and he disappeared.

The two brothers were delighted. They appointed Sage Bhṛigu their priest. Shumbha soon became the king of the demons. He made Nishumbha, his younger brother, his minister. Chanda and Munda, two fearful demon-heroes, became

END OF TWO TERRORS





his generals. Among his courtiers were Dhumralochan and Raktabij, two famous giants of the nether world. They commanded a large battalion of giants. Raktabij has some speciality. If, during a war, a drop of his blood fell on the ground, a new giant sprang out of it.

Many more demons and giants joined the camp of Shumbha.

One day Nishumbha suddenly attacked Amaravati, the city of Indra. The gods had not anticipated this. They fought valiantly, led by their king, Indra. Nishumbha swooned away as

Indra hurled his thunder at him.

But the gods found no respite. Shumbha who heard of his brother's plight, rushed to his rescue and inflicted a crushing defeat on the gods. He occupied Indra's throne. The gods fled. Shumbha enjoyed the many means of pleasure left by the gods behind them and passed time happily.

For a thousand years the gods roamed about in hills and forests as refugees. They did not know how and when their misfortune will end.

At last they found out their guru, Brihaspati. "O Great Soul, please take some step to rescue us from the predicament. Through *mantra* or *yajna* try to change our destiny."

Brihaspati smiled sadly. "*Mantra* and *Yajna* are meant for the gods. Through those means the human beings please the gods and goddesses. I do not see how the gods themselves can use *Mantra* and *Yajna* to any profit. There is only one way out for you. That is to pray to the Divine Mother. She had saved us from the tyranny of Mahishasur. She alone can save us from the tyranny of Shumbha

Nishumbha. They cannot be killed by any male member of the races of men or gods, thanks to the boon they have obtained from Brahma.

Brihaspati taught the gods a certain prayer. The gods retired to the Himalaya and recited the prayer mustering all their concentration.

After a while the goddess, in her luminous form, appeared before them. "What is your need?" she asked them.

With folded hands said the gods, "Save us from the tyranny of Shumbha and Nishumbha, O Mother! For a thousand years we have suffered humiliation and misery. Vast is the army of the demons. We gods cannot face them. We have realised the truth that you alone can restore us to our lost position. Once you had put an end to the terrible Mahishasur. You must do the same again to the two demon brothers who are equally dangerous."

The sorrow of the gods moved the goddess to pity. She stood quiet for a moment, as though visualising the situation. She then said, "Don't you worry any longer. I shall tackle the demons. You can rest assured that heaven will be recovered



for you before long."

The goddess then brought out a new emanation out of herself. The power looked terrible. Soon it took a form and was known as Kaushiki. The goddess proceeded to confront the demons with Kaushiki by her side, seated on her lion.

The goddess reached a garden not far from the citadel of the demons. She began to sing. The entire region seemed to be falling under an enchantment. Birds and deer came closer to the goddess, pulled by the magic of the song.

Some of the demons who had





"That is something worthy of our consideration. If what you say proves true even partially, she deserves to be my queen. Well, go forth and greet her on my behalf and bring her along here!" said the demon-king, quite happy at the prospect of his marrying the most wondrous woman.

Sugriva, an aristocrat among the demons, led a delegation to the goddess. They reached the garden in a few strides. Sugriva bowed down to her and said, "Welcome, O charming damsel, welcome. You must have heard of Shumbha, our great king. He is as much of a hero as he is handsome. He sent us to you with a sweet proposal. We are sure you will welcome it. He is favourably inclined towards you. In fact, you can be sure that he will be pleased to marry you."

The goddess sported a meaningful smile. "O demons, I have heard that your king has driven the gods out of heaven. He is an expert fighter. I am under an oath to the effect that one who would aspire to marry me must be ready to try his strength against me. The question of marriage will arise only if he survives the encounter."

a quick glimpse of the goddess and Kaushiki ran to Shumbha. "O Mighty King! A strange woman has been located by us. Nothing compares with her splendour and beauty. Never has been heard a song sweeter than the one she is singing. She is in the company of another woman who looks queer," they exclaimed.

"Is that so? What do you propose me to do?" asked Shumbha.

"Marry her, O King, marry her! You cannot dream of a more wondrous bride, to be sure!" said the demons.





Go away now!"

But Sugriva did not go away. He was shocked at what he heard. He said, in the tone of a well-wisher, "O young lady, you have no idea about the strength and valour of our king. There is no hero in all the three spheres to match him in these qualities. Do not blunder. Accept our fine proposal!"

Said the goddess, "Look here, you good demon, I've no desire to argue with you. Let your king accept my challenge, or I take it that he has accepted defeat. If the latter is the case, let him retire to the nether

world—the right place for demons and giants. I have no intention to harm him, I assure you."

The words of the goddess stunned Sugriva. He could not muster enough courage to speak to her again. At the same time he did not know how to report the situation to his king. He soon began to look crazy.

However, he managed to blurt out whatever he had heard before Shumbha.

Shumbha looked at Nishumbha with surprise. "A woman appears from nowhere and challenges me to a battle! What is more baffling than this? Will you go and answer her or should I go?" he asked.

"My brother, it is not necessary for any of us to go. Let Dhumralochan go and drag her along here. She will agree to be your spouse as soon as she gets a chance to behold your person!" said Nishumbha.

Shumbha appreciated his brother's counsel. He summoned Dhumralochan and said, "Go and bring that charming girl here. You are free to kill her companion, but take care to see that no harm befalls her."

Dhumralochan proceeded to the garden, followed by a choice



band of demons. But he did not try to apply force on the goddess. He was polite and he sang the glory of love!

Kaushiki had by then assumed the form of Kalika. She stepped forward and said, "You fool, stop your blabbering! Who has the patience to bear with your nonsense? It was high time you understood that the goddess is here to kill your king and his wicked lieutenants. Begone and tell him so!"

Dhumralochan's eyes bulged with surprise. He trembled and said, "Don't you insult my master! If fight you must, come on, fight with me!"

Dhumralochan then rushed upon Kalika. But she took hold of him like a tigress catching a rabbit and dashed him on the ground. He died. In a moment Kalika destroyed the whole horde of demons that had come following Dhumralochan.

The goddess who witnessed Kalika's achievement blew her conch-shell in triumph. Shumbha heard the sound. Great was his bewilderment. He came running to the spot.

He could not believe his eyes. Who are these two women who had succeeded in killing Dhum-



ralochan and his fearful demons? He lost no time in calling his most trusted heroes.

First to fight the goddess were Chanda and Munda. In no time they lay dead. Raktabij jumped forward next. As he was wounded and his blood fell on the ground, numerous giants came into being. The goddess looked at Kalika and instructed her to see that no blood fell! Kalika went on gulping down the blood that welled out of the giant's body. Soon, rendered ineffective, he fell dead.

By and by all the demon fighters lay dead. At last died



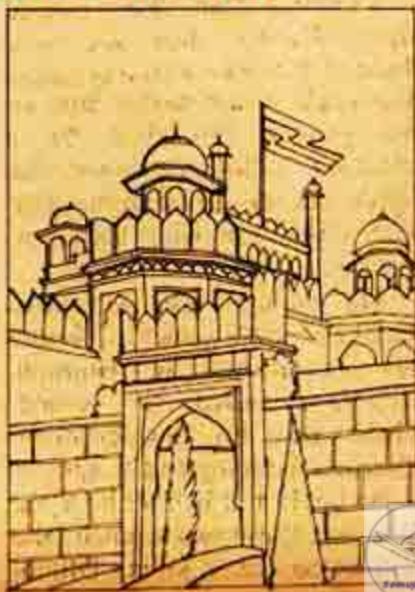
Shumbha and Nishumbha, after a desperately fought battle.

The demons fell at the feet of the goddess. She assured them that they had nothing to fear

from her as long as they behaved themselves. At her advice, they retired to the nether-world.

(To continue)

WONDER WITH COLOURS



SELF-PROTECTION

Pradeep, a young man, met the king's minister and asked him for a job.

"I had helped a fellow called Shyam to get a job. Now he has become a confidant of the king. Well, I can secure a job for you if you promise to help me in ousting him," said the minister.

Pradeep agreed to it and got a job. It so happened that one day he saved the king from an imminent danger in the battlefield. That endeared him to the king.

"I'll grant you any favour you want," the king promised to him.

"My lord, let me marry the minister's daughter," said Pradeep.

The king arranged for the marriage. While Pradeep was being led to the marriage platform the happy minister asked him, "My son, you could have asked the king for anything. Why did you ask for my daughter's hand?"

"To be frank, I feared that you will try to oust me now that I had found much favour with the king. I put forth this proposal to check any such possibility!" replied Pradeep.





MEANS FOR THE MEETING

In a small town lived a pundit named Rama Sharma. Although he had been blessed by the Grace of Saraswati, the Goddess of learning, he had not won the favour of Lakshmi, the Goddess of wealth.

He decided to meet the king. He was sure of his ability to impress the king with his scholarship.

"Are you going prepared with the necessary means for meeting the king?" asked a neighbour.

"What do you mean? What means?" asked the pundit in his turn.

The neighbour smiled at the pundit's naivety, but he did not elaborate.

The pundit proceeded to the city. He spent the night in a choultry and went to meet the king in the morning.

As he would step in through the main gate, the gate-keeper stopped him and extended his right hand towards him. His palm was unfolded.

"I am on my way to meet the king!" said the pundit.

"Right. What do you do when you see a road blocked?" asked the gate-keeper.

"I remove the block!" answered the pundit.

"Right. You can remove me by paying me a fee. There are only three more blocks like me at three more gates," informed the gate-keeper.

The pundit was not prepared for this. He carried no money with him. He thought for a moment and turned back and took position at the cross-roads in front of the palace. At the pitch of his voice, he then said, addressing the passers-by,



"Who says that our king is good? He is just bad! Who says that our king is conscientious? He is devoid of conscience altogether!"

A crowd collected before him. All were amused as well as surprised. Soon spies reported to the king what was going on before the palace. The king summoned the pundit and demanded to know why he called him names.

"My lord, because you are

good, because you are conscientious, I dared to describe you as the opposite. By doing that I gained access to you. I'm sure, because of your goodness and conscientiousness you will pardon me when you hear everything," said the pundit and he narrated the mischief of the gate-keepers to the king.

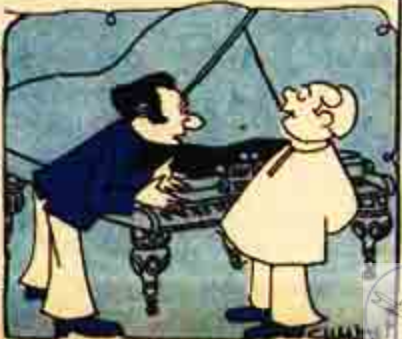
The king punished the guilty and amply rewarded the pundit. The pundit also was appointed the court-scholar.

The famous pianist, Ignace Paderewski, was once asked by an admirer: "How many hours do you devote to practice?"

"Eight hours," was the answer.

"Even now eight hours? You must be having great patience!" commented the admirer.

"I've no more patience than that gentleman there or you, I only use mine!" said the pianist.





The Contest

The king of Asvadesha had a daughter called Madhavi. She was not only intelligent, but also inquisitive to learn more and more.

There was a great scholar in the country. His name was Anandyogi. At the king's request, this saintly man took charge of Madhavi's education.

The princess proved herself a worthy student.

The king's general died rather suddenly. The king decided to choose the most accomplished fighter for the post. He decided to hold a contest for the selection.

Many young men, both from the army and from outside, took part in the contest. Three young men emerged most promising. The final selection was to be made from among them. They were Ravi, Manas, and Bhim.

A new round of contest, confined to these three, was held. They proved more or less equal in most respects. The last item was fencing.

Ravi and Manas fought each other in the first round. Ravi got defeated. After an hour the victorious Manas fought with Bhim. It was Bhim who emerged victorious.

The king, looking at the assembly of courtiers and nobility, began to announce his decision: "Ravi, Manas, and Bhim have proved themselves brave, intelligent, and deserving. However, since Bhim defeated the other two....."

"Father, please listen to me!" the princess whispered, interrupting the king.

The king stopped. The assembly looked at the princess with curiosity. Said the prin-

cess aloud, "Before any final decision is to be taken, we have to remember that Bhim has surpassed Manas, but he has not proved more efficient than Ravi. Hence the contest cannot be taken as over."

At first a bit intrigued, the king realised that what the princess said was not wrong.

The next day a fencing was arranged between Ravi and Bhim. Everybody thought that Bhim, who had defeated Manas, will emerge victorious. Manas had proved himself victorious over Ravi. In the popular estimate Ravi was inferior to both Manas and Bhim.

But, surprisingly, it was Ravi who emerged victorious.

After an hour's interval fencing took place between Ravi and Manas. Ravi won again.

"The decision I had arrived at yesterday stands nullified!" commented the king.

"Yes, father. For a positive conclusion we should test the three once again, tomorrow," said the princess.

Next day the first round of fencing took place between Bhim and Manas. Bhim got defeated. After an hour's interval the second round of contest took place between Manas and Ravi. Manas got defeated.





There was no more cause for any hesitation. The king announced that Ravi was to become the general. All applauded the decision.

In the evening the king asked the princess, "My child, you did well by stopping me when I was going to declare Bhim as the new general. After all it was Ravi who was most worthy of them. But how did you know that then?"

"Father I did not know that

for certain, though from what I saw of Ravi in other tests I felt that he ought to be better at fencing than what he showed. I was following a simple principle taught to me by Guru Anandyogi. A single test should not lead us to a final conclusion—he used to say," answered the princess.

In due course Ravi showed that he was worthy of his position.

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